

Trim and Graceful Tailormade



Trim and plain and graceful, one of the new fall suits, of plain-faced cloth, presents all of the characteristics that have placed American "tailormades" at the head of their class. The skirt is moderately wide and plain, finished at the bottom with a three-inch hem. It hangs plain at the front and back and achieves a moderate flare by means of three deep plaits at each side.

The coat is semifitting and laps over at the front, buttoning a little to the left of the center, with smart composition buttons banded with white enamel.

The sleeves are long, plain coat shape, rather close fitting and finished without cuffs. But they are decorated with three buttons, set some distance apart. It will be noticed that they curve outward at the hand a little and extend partly over

it, a new touch that it is worth while to consider. The collar is finished with an inlay of silk and is cut rather high at the back. It fits snugly for a turnover and may be brought very close up about the neck.

Flaps at each side, fastened down with a single button, simulate small pockets on the body of the coat. Patch pockets are set on at each side of the coat's skirt and are finished with a flap and buttons also.

A narrow stitched-down belt of the fabric extends part way about the waist line. It terminates at each side of the front in a point and a button.

Machine stitching, done in the most workmanlike manner, is a part of the excellence of this trim coat. Taken altogether the suit is admirable and the model suited to women of all ages.

In the Realm of Neckwear



In the realm of neckwear few novelties in ruffs and bows for outdoors have appeared. It is a bit too early for the entrance of important novelties as yet. The ostrich boa continues favorite in white, white and black combinations, or white with other colors. A premonition of fall appears in a greater length and thickness. Boas of ostrich feathers will divide honors with neckpieces of white fox, and her furs that look like it, during between-season period. The days of the ruff of malines or net or chiffon just pass with those of midsummer, at ostrich and white fur neckpieces may be relied upon for use all through winter as well as the fall season. But even more attention is promised to the dressing of the neck for doors this fall than was given it in summer. Sheer white organdie, a handkerchief linen play an important part in fashioning the collars now in the new crepe blouses. These

collars are nearly all high and made in turnover and wing effects. Fine platings of organdie are used for the always becoming and elegant looking jabots that finish some of them. The collars fit close about the neck, but are eased at the front by a small "V" or square opening, or the introduction of up-standing plaits. The opening at the front is growing smaller, and in many collars it is ignored altogether. A collar which fits like a flaring cuff, fastens at the back and promises well as a style to be worn with tailored hats. Collars moderately high with small wings at the front are set on to plaited organdie that ripples about the neck and redeems the mannish cravat and collar from its severity.

In outer garments some very new collars are extremely high and lined with fur. They are usually decorated with braid and look very chic and most comfortable for cold weather.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

# Trebizond the Ancient

**Y**EARS! Years! What are years? Only 365 days! What are 365 days, or any combinations of 365 days, compared with the unutterable past, whose dust is being stirred by Europe's war, says Walter H. Main, in the *Utica Globe*.

It was a mere pebble in a mill pond—that assassination of a petty ruler last summer—but the ripples it started have not yet begun to lap the shores of the sea of time along which shades of the past hover, nodding to one another that humanity is ever the same, always seeking, always avaricious, always as ready to kill as was Genghis Khan, who slew his 5,000,000 or 6,000,000 and wept for more.

Take that single city of Trebizond there on the Black sea, of which we have hardly heard, of whose past we know nothing, and for whose trade Turkey and Russia are struggling. What is the commerce of New York for a single century compared with the commerce of Trebizond for countless ages?

We look with veneration on a building a century old; the Magna Charta we look upon with its 700 years as of unspeakable antiquity; but here is a city whose past trails off into the dim realm of myth, to the tombs of Pharaohs, to antiquity that ends in fancy.

It was 1492 when Columbus stumbled on San Salvador and marked the beginning of our four centuries of continental history, four centuries that seem an interminable past to us, but which are as a dream which passeth in the night for Trebizond and its hinterland. In fact America would not have been discovered for many years had it not been for the trade of Trebizond. For Trebizond has been the outlet to the western world of the wonderful treasures of the inscrutable East.

**Was Great Trade Center.**  
To Trebizond old Genoa turned when it wrested the sea power of the

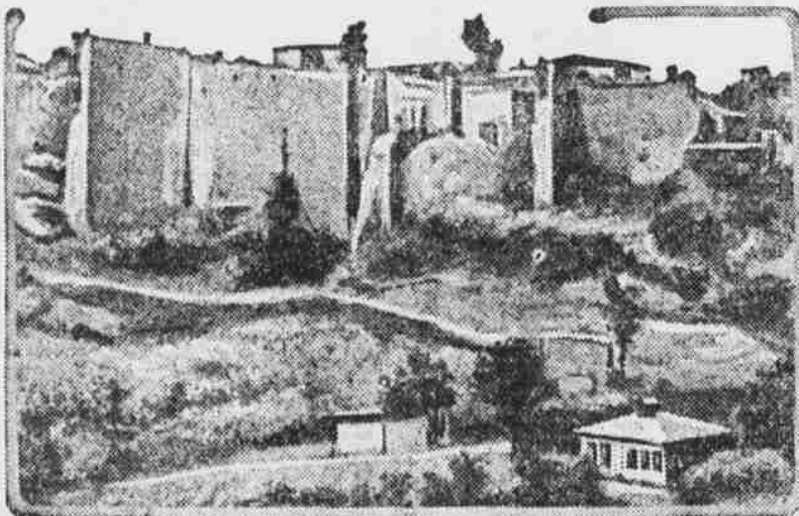
you lived within the pages of romance and the tales of wonder from the East captivated you.

But the trail does not stop there with the heroes of the tales that came to barbarian Europe just before modern life dawned, when the Marco Polos boldly penetrated past the gates to the East. The dust of the city of Trebizond, which lies thick dates back beyond the Crusaders. The bridges of their horses jingled, the armor of the warriors of the Cross rattled within this same city of Trebizond there on the Black sea.

**Romance in Its Spicery.**  
Try to read its story as a history and you are hopelessly lost in a list of meaningless names. Absorb it as a romance, as you absorb India in Kipling's "Kim," and the city of Trebizond is of enrapturing interest.

When mankind began to fare thither to barter no man knows. The beginnings of time find him there. Jason and his argonauts there got the myth of the golden fleece, and the golden fleece was so old in Greece that it faded out of history and dissolved into the mythology of the gods.

The earliest navigators, the Phoenicians, plied the Black sea and did carrying trade for the caravans from the East. Then Britain was but a wild place, inhabited by savages, where the low, black ships of the Phoenicians got tin from the mines to trade at Trebizond for the jewels of India and China. Britain we consider old, with its ruins, about which cling the story of the Roman soldiers. But this was even before Rome entered the world stage. It was when Hiram of Tyre was bringing cedar for Solomon to build his temple. It was when Joseph was the wheat king of Egypt and before then, even. It was—heaven knows when it was. Trebizond was a metropolis when the earliest man in the West and his woman-kind began to covet the silk and gold and jade and perfumes of the East. Even Egypt, the Egypt of 5,000



OLD FORTRESS OF TREBIZOND

world from old Venice. Many nations traded with Trebizond in its eventful past and everyone in turn waxed fat and prosperous and fell, until the Turk came to control the Dardanelles in 1453, and now Russia seeks to own the Black sea.

It was because the Ottoman choked other traders that Columbus, the son of proud, rich Genoa, sought an all-water route to the East.

When the first prow from Europe grated on the shore of the China sea and found the coral reefs of India, then began to dwindle that caravan trade which for ages beyond number had brought all the Orient, all Cathay westward in the shortest way. Then was doomed the camel traffic. It still persists; long strings of camels from the Orient still tread the streets of Trebizond, but there is a railway that brings goods to Batum, in Russian territory, faster than camels can travel and Batum has the trade.

But Trebizond is still a metropolis, and the dust of Trebizond which is disturbed by the war strife carries with it the romance of the race and brings up a mirage to the fancy that includes the brave figures of a past as old as humanity.

**Better fifty years of Europe**  
Than a cycle of Cathay.

So sang Tennyson; but the cycles of Cathay, for all that, have tremendous human interest, could we but fathom them and read their story. It is the dust of the desert that settled about Trebizond, dust that Russian and Turk are stirring up in the final struggle of the Ottoman to stem the invasion that would wrest from him the last remnant of his once powerful sway.

**Mysticism of Far Cathay.**

When you feel that dust of ages rising and smell the sandalwood and spicery of the East and the same pungent odor of the camels that you may have noticed in new America on circus day, you lose all sense of time; you lose view of the land beyond the western sea, the land America, so new and fresh and inexperienced with a mere two or three centuries behind it; you lose all tangible things; you become infected with the mysticism of the East. For the nonce you forget time; you are transported to the Bagdad of the Arabian Nights; you remember Harun al Rashid, Genghis Khan and the rest of the half real, half mythical beings that peopled the fanciful days of your childhood when

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### BOY HAD USED HIS BRAINS

Certainly Window Was Broken, But Also It Had Been Repaired, and What Then?

An iron hoop bounded through the area railings of a suburban house and played havoc with the kitchen window. The woman waited, anger in her eyes, for the appearance of the hoop's owner. Presently he came.

"Please, I've broken your window," he said, "and here's father to mend it."

And sure enough, he was followed by a stolid-looking workman, who at once started to work, while the small boy took his hoop and ran off.

"That'll be four bits, ma'am," announced the glazier when the window was whole once more.

"Four bits!" gasped the woman. "But your little boy broke it—the little fellow with the hoop, you know. You're his father, aren't you?"

The stolid man shook his head.

"Don't know him from Adam," he said. "He came around to my place and told me his mother wanted her window fixed. You're his mother, aren't you?"

And the woman shook her head also.

### Important Alaskan Product.

The potato is Alaska's most important crop, and, according to a commerce report, it is a most profitable one. Potatoes have been grown in commercial quantities at the Fairbanks station for several years. The object of growing them there was to demonstrate that good potatoes could be grown in Alaska. The report says that the farmers in the vicinity have taken the hint. Nearly all of them now devote considerable acreage to this vegetable. One farmer estimated his crop as high as fifty tons, which, at 4 cents a pound, or \$80 a ton, the lowest price at which potatoes have been sold in Alaska up to the present time, would bring him \$4,000. Hog raising has also been started at Fairbanks, the hogs being fed on the unmerchantable potatoes.

Interesting.  
"Have a good time at the seashore?"  
"Splendid. Every day a different man tried to teach me how to swim."

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### TOOK MUCH FOR GRANTED

Colored Porter May Have Been in Error as to Just What He was Wanted to Hear.

Bert Winter, formerly in the law office of Gov. Samuel M. Ralston of Lebanon before Mr. Ralston became governor and now a deputy examiner of the state board of accounts and president of the Boone County Bank Home club at the statehouse, has just returned from a trip to the Panama-Pacific exposition and intermediate points, part of which he traversed as a member of the governor's party.

Out in the wilds of the Rocky mountains Bert said he wished his shoes shined and he called to the porter on the parlor car:

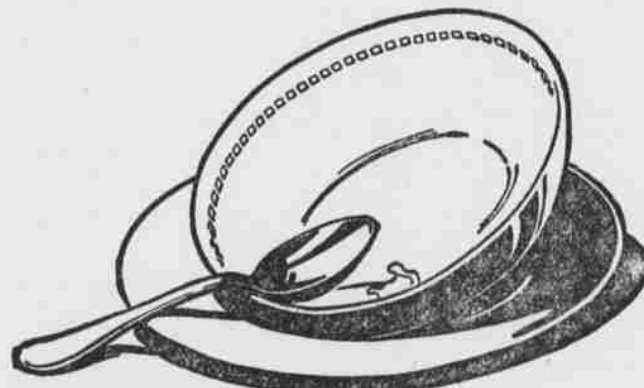
"Come here, George; I want to converse with you."

"I'll have your conversion," replied the amiable George, as he hurried to the smoking compartment.—Indianapolis News.

Fine for 'Em.  
"It's been a great year for the pessimists."

"In what way?"  
"We've had rain almost every other day."—Detroit Free Press.

At the Beach.  
Jack (joyously)—Miss Plumpleigh is going to let me teach her to swim.  
Tow—Yes; I taught her last year.



## The Empty Bowl Tells the Story

The highest compliment you can pay a housewife is to eat heartily of the food that she places before you. It proves the merit of her cooking.

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